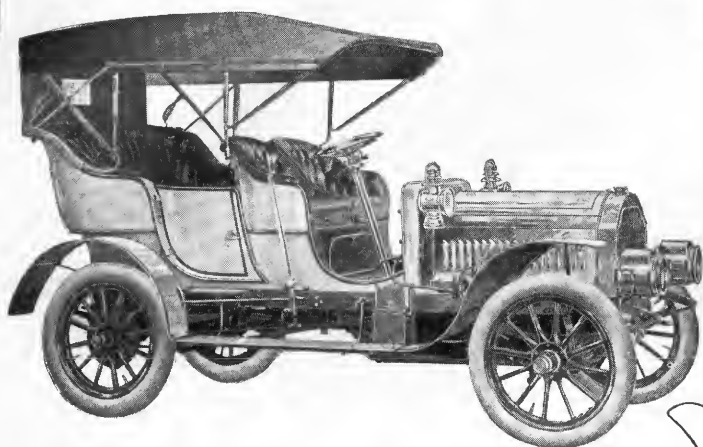


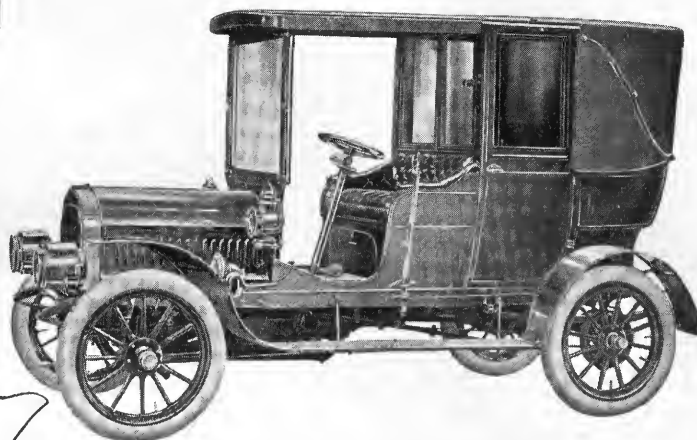


LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SAT ON A TUFFET,
HER FEAR OF THE FUTURE WAS SMALL;
ALONG CAME A ROUGH RIDER,
WHO SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND SHE WASN'T FRIGHTENED AT ALL.

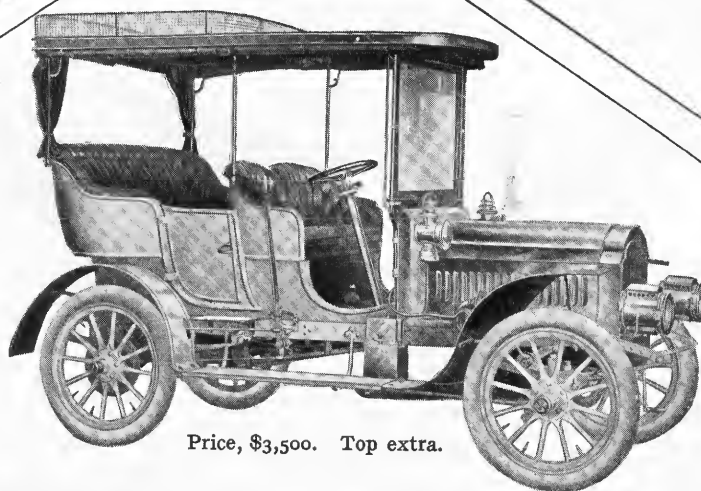
PIERCE



The 28-32 horse-power **PIERCE GREAT ARROW** CAR, King of Belgium Tonneau, with side entrance, equipped with cape top, extending well over front seat, drop curtains to completely enclose sides and rear. Price, \$4,000. Top extra.



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LIFE



The Lord: OUR STOCK IS AL. NOTHING BETTER IN BURKE'S.
 "YES, FATHER SAID HE HAD REMARGINED SO OFTEN THAT HE HAD BETTER BUY YOU OUTRIGHT."

Self-Centered.



AND he wondered what they'd say
 When he died.
 What the Press would write about him!
 What his Friends would think about him!
 What the World would do without him!
 When he died.
 But they didn't even know
 When he died.

THE Subway has developed a new animal—the undergroundhog.

The Industrious Factory Girl.

A GIRL who had read all of Laura Jean Libbey's books left home and obtained a position in a canning manufactory, fancying that her fresh young beauty, industry and modest demeanor would win the attention of the rich young proprietor. In a year she had lost her looks and ruined her finger nails frivolling with sheet tin. The proprietor never noticed her, but married a show girl who had had two other husbands and never did a day's work in her life.

If you would marry a millionaire, get in the chorus.
Kate Masterson.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

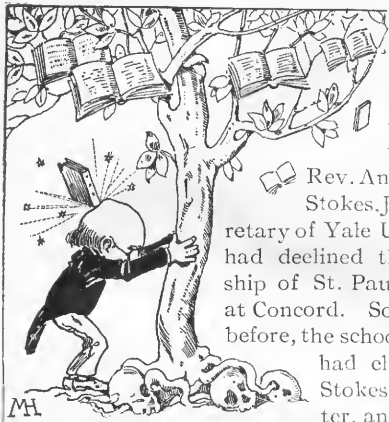
VOL. XLV. FEB. 23, 1905. No. 1165.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE other day all the papers reported that the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Junior, Secretary of Yale University, had declined the rectorship of St. Paul's School at Concord. Some weeks before, the school trustees had elected Mr. Stokes headmaster, and he had been thinking it over. He finally declined because of his conclusion that his opportunities of doing good at Yale were too comprehensive to be abandoned. Why the tidings of this proposal and its rejection should have been communicated to the world, we don't know. On the face of it, it would seem more suitable to use in such cases that considerate reticence, which ladies who are real ladies use, and such flattering overtures from gentlemen as they feel constrained to decline. Doubtless, however, the call from the school was like a call from a church, which is always a public matter, whether accepted or declined.

The facts in this case being published, it seems not impertinent to examine Mr. Stokes' conclusion. We believe he is a highly acceptable and useful officer of Yale College. The opportunities for doing good in that institution are unquestionably enormous. Knowing Yale as we do, we cannot be

surprised that Mr. Stokes failed to persuade himself to turn away from a field of such dimensions, and such ripeness. Still, we cannot help feeling that the opportunities of the other job should be greater. We have heard of St. Paul's as a school where they don't allow LIFE in the school limits, and where they don't let the boys play baseball. As to the former prohibition, maybe it is wise. LIFE is, of course, a pretty objectionable paper, and though we have never met a St. Paul's boy who seemed still innocent enough to be harmed by it, we cannot quarrel with the caution that excludes it, if indeed it is still, or ever was, excluded. One hears such a prodigious number of lies about schools, that it is hard to be sure of the truth of any such statement. We believe it is true, however, that they don't have baseball in that school, and one of the opportunities of doing good that Mr. Stokes would have had there would have been to remove the taboo on that lively American game.



FURTHERMORE, whereas a man who deals with college men gets them more or less ready-made, a man who deals with boys gets them in the plastic stage, and if he has really in him the making of a good schoolmaster, he can be extremely serviceable to a large proportion of them. Great schoolmasters are scarce. No doubt they are born, not made, like poets. Dr. Coit, who made St. Paul's school famous, was undoubtedly a great schoolmaster, whatever his defects, and if they don't have them to start with, they develop them. To live out of the world, and to be deprived in great measure of the wholesome discipline that comes from association and competition with one's equals in years, powers and abilities, is trying even to the soundest natures. To be year after year a master of boys is something like being a king. It tends to breed a sense of infallibility, and to make even the best of men arbitrary. A man's own children grow up and keep changing in their rela-

tions to him, but a schoolmaster's boys are always boys, and when they get to an age when their views might serve as a counterpoise to his, off they go.



A SCHOOLMASTER also has to deal with parents, a difficult, dangerous and prejudiced class, that is sure to make him lots of trouble. They are liable to oppose him when he ought to be backed up, and to back him up when he ought to be opposed. No dependence can be placed upon them as a class. So he has himself to fight and train because of the inevitable dangers of his job, and the boys to keep in hand and train, and the parents also to train and not infrequently to fight. Besides that, he may have trustees that trouble him, and he has always to contend (as we have suggested) with lies. The stories that sane people will believe about the best of schools—the rumors and libels and preposterous tales that will get about and find acceptance—beat all belief. If in the face of all these difficulties and drawbacks a mere human man can bear him in the main so wisely and benevolently as to train the minds and influence the characters of boys to their lasting advantage, it is certainly a supremely good work, and one whereof the opportunities, as well as the hazards, are very seldom matched.

Whether the headmastership of St. Paul's is at present a good job we don't know, but it ought to be a great prize; a post of such dignity and distinction as no aspiring and devoted educator would decline, except for urgent reasons. It ought, incidentally, to pay a generous salary. The headmaster makes the school. It flourishes or languishes, does good work or not, according as he is, or is not, fit for his place. Such schools as Eton, Rugby or Harrow call whom they will, and are apt to get their man. A school of the traditions and backing of St. Paul's at Concord ought to be able to get the man it wants. If it cannot, it must be either because the needful man is not in sight, or because the importance of such posts is not yet appreciated in this country.



THE LITTLE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY



A RECENT DINNER IN LONDON



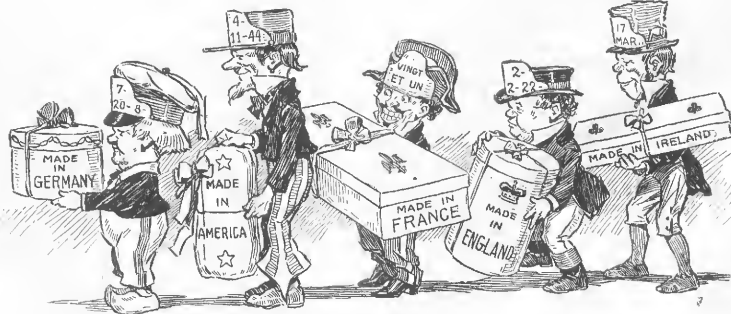
HIT HIM AGAIN



UNCLE SAM AND THE KAISER
SWAP PROFESSORS.



TO BE CUT IN HOLLAND



A TROUSSEAU FOR PRINCESS CECILIA

F.T. RICHARDS

Pathic.

THAT seems a reasonable demand of the Osteopaths—enjoyment of the same privileges as other reputable and well-established schools of healing.

That the "Regulars" should have a controlling voice as to when, where, how and what the Osteopath should practice is doubtless an enjoyable situation—for the "Regulars." Equally impartial would be a body of orthodox deacons to decide on the chances of salvation for the wicked but happy heathen. Not that we are likening a doctor of any school to the wicked heathen: LIFE is too familiar with the achievements of the Osteopath. We have a sincere respect for his many and marvellous cures of seemingly hopeless ills, his successes in fields where other schools of medicine have failed.

If a proper vote were taken on the bill for a fairer licensing of Osteopaths, there could rest no doubts of its triumph. Innumerable would be the voters: those of twisted limbs made straight and good, the weak made strong, the old rejuvenated, and the vast army of bed-ridden invalids now up and doing.

A fair field and no favor. Let the sick man choose his own doctor.



FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR—



THE BEAR DRAGS HIM IN—

The Drama and the Trust.

(After Mr. Kipling.)

WHAT'S that that struts upon the stage?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "An actor of the Syndicate," the honest critic said.
 "What makes you look so white, so white?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "I'm dreading what I've got to watch," the honest critic said.

For they're murdering the Drama in a dazzling glare of light,
 The Trust is strangling him for gold—they're killing him to-night.
 With a tawdry, painted chorus, and a play that's far from bright,
 They are murdering the Drama in the evening.

"Why do the people fight so hard?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "To get a seat, to get a seat," the honest critic said.
 "Why, don't they know the play is rot?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "The Trust-paid critics lied to them," the honest critic said.

They are murdering the Drama, they are dragging of him down,
 Their heroine is dressed in tights, their hero is a clown;
 The masters of the ring rejoice, for they have fleeced the town—
 O, they're murdering the Drama in the evening.

"Neath me the Drama came to life," called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "He's lying cold and still to-night," the honest critic said.
 "In his name Shylock won renown," called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "He's in the power of Shylock now," the honest critic said.

They are murdering the Drama, they have got him on the ground.
 The tongue-tied critics of the press stand helplessly around,
 The Public stares in deep dismay, but utters not a sound—
 O, they're murdering the Drama in the evening.

"What is that song they're singing now?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "The ghost of one they sung last year," the honest critic said.
 "Why do they screech and jump about?" called Shakespeare from the dead.
 "It is the Trust's ideal of Art," the honest critic said.

They have done for poor old Drama, 'tis the ending of the play,
 The painted chorus makes its bow, the patrons move away;
 Ho, the managers are laughing, for they've made a haul to-day,
 Out of murdering the Drama in the evening.

E. D. Biggers.



PUTS HIM INTO THE POT—

In the Nursery.

SAMMY, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door.
Mother said, with humor quaint,
"Sammy, dear, don't mar the paint."

"Scribimus Indocti Doctique."



EVERYBODY scribbles nowadays. Why not I? As a young English girl once said to me, "You can turn it into hats." She was very clever, that young English girl—she wrote lovely poems, and turned them into the dowdiest hats I've ever lied about.

It seemed such an anticlimax! But the idea's a good one, just the same. If one could only turn dowdy poems into beautiful hats!

There's one paragraph. I wonder how many paragraphs it takes to make a book? If I write three paragraphs a day every day for a year—Pshaw! It sounds like the hen-and-a-half problem! But I really *want* to write a book, just to see if I can. I hate to think Hattie Williams is cleverer than I am, she's so unattractive, poor dear! And there's another paragraph!

The trouble is that on reading them over they don't sound in the least *literary*. I might just as well be talking. My style seems very higgledy-piggledy; it doesn't *flow* as I wish it would—perhaps, though, it's because this pen stutters. Well, I must strive to improve it. But I don't know exactly how to get at it. I wonder how Mrs. Humphrey Ward would have written the above three paragraphs?



EDWARD BLAISDELL

AND HAS HIM FOR DINNER.



Joe Schreuer

Doctor Jap: INTERNAL TROUBLE.

And then there's another difficulty. I haven't quite made up my mind what to write about. *Myself*—of course! What was it the old poet said about looking in your heart, etc.? But there are so many ways I could treat myself, and it isn't so easy (especially when one has a rich, complex nature) to turn oneself inside out, as I thought it would be. I wonder if it's quite the proper thing to do, anyway? But if I don't write about myself, what shall I write about? (Now for confession No. 1.) I'm not nearly so interested in other people.

Well, I've reached the bottom of the page, and that's enough to begin with. I ought to devote a little time, I suppose, to reading the best authors. I wish the best authors weren't all of them so hideously dull. Except Ibsen! I rather like Ibsen; he's so brutal. I wonder if I could write a play like "Hedda Gabler"? Imagine, though! What *would* mamma say? That's the worst of being a girl—if you know things, you have to keep them to yourself.

Well, I must stop, but I hate to—it's such fun! I don't wonder everybody scribbles nowadays!

Lee Wilson Dodd.

Crass Ignorance.

AN East Side kindergartner was about to give her class a lesson, with "The Kitten" as the subject. She began by saying: "Our lesson this morning will be all about the kitten. Now, can any little boy, or girl, tell me which grows on the kitten—fur or feathers?"

A dead silence followed for a minute, when one little boy said in a loud voice: "G-o-o-d Lawd! Hain't you never seen a kitten?"

Archæological.

A THOUGHTFUL friend in Massachusetts sends us the following. Curious how history repeats itself.

Conundrum just unearthed from a brick copy of the Talmud in Babylon, propounded by Nebuchadnezzar to Daniel:

Q. Why is James S. Metcalfe like a dress coat?

A. Because he is a Klaw-hammer.

Daniel's stubborn refusal to laugh precipitated the lion incident.

News Item.

"DR. BRADBURY, the well-known lecturer, delivered a lecture here last night on 'Lunacy and Lunatics.' There were many present."

Probable.

IT is feared in Russian naval circles that the Paris tribunal may condemn the Hull shootin' match.



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THE WINNING TITLE IN THE COMPETITION.

"NEVER TOO OLD TO YEARN."

THE title which has been adjudged best suited to the above picture is

NEVER TOO OLD TO YEARN.

It was sent in by six competitors, so we are obliged to divide the Five-Hundred-Dollar Prize, and LIFE's check for one-sixth of that amount has been sent to each of the successful ones, whose names and addresses are:

MISS MARIE L. RUSSELL,
10 Mount Pleasant Street,
Winchester, Massachusetts.

MRS. T. M. MCCARTHY,
218 West Seventy-second Street,
New York City.

F. A. CHADBOURN,
Columbus, Wisconsin.

C. E. ROWLAND,
29 Seventeenth Street,
Toledo, Ohio.

MISS KATE LEWIS,
130 Allston Street,
West Medford, Massachusetts.

DR. ELLA K. DEARBORN,
800 Union Avenue, North,
Portland, Oregon.

Inasmuch as five hundred is not exactly divisible by six, each of the successful competitors receives a check for \$83.34, with LIFE's compliments and congratulations.

To the unsuccessful competitors in this interesting competition LIFE extends the assurances of its high regard, and regrets that every one could not have secured the full amount of the prize. A few words as to the method of awarding the prize may be of interest to the large number of LIFE's readers who competed. From the mass of titles sent in, there were first sorted out those which were manifestly and obviously unsuited to the picture. There remained fifty-five titles, which were carefully considered by LIFE's editors. From these each selected the five which appealed most to his taste and judgment. This reduced the choice to a very few titles, and careful consideration by the editors, aided by Mr. Gibson, who drew the picture, brought the final decision down to a practically unanimous choice of the title, "Never Too Old to Yearn."

Some of the titles sent in were the choices of large numbers of competitors. For instance, Coleridge's

Swans sing before they die.
'Twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die
Before they sing

was sent in by one hundred and thirty-eight competitors, while one hundred and twelve favored "Love's Labor Lost." One

hundred and thirty-two of our readers fancied "His Swan Song," and eighteen others, who in our opinion were a little bit severe on the old gentleman, favored "Where Every Prospect Pleases and Only Man Is Vile." "The Song of the Dying Swan" appealed to quite a number, and both "A Discord" and "Out of Tune" secured a goodly following.

Among those who came within striking distance of the prize, but whose choices, for various reasons, were considered by the judges not quite as good as the one finally selected, were "Promissory Notes," "The Wrong Man in the Right Place," "His Lay—Floating Worthless Notes," "Notes Going to Protest," "She Must Have Seen Better Days," and

"Si Jeunesse savait,
Si Vieillesse pouvait."

Both "The Lost Chord" and "There's No Fool Like an Old Fool" had numerous proponents and one competitor put into the young woman's mouth the



Irvington Booth: MY GOOD MAN, I'M GOING TO APPEAR IN MANY PIECES THIS COMING SPRING.
"YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL SPRING IF YOU DON'T GET OFF THE TRACK."

statement, "I May Be a Gibson Girl but I'm Human." There were fifty plays on the relationship between the geese and swans in the picture, actual and typified, and several other competitors thought the possibility of marriage suggested called for some play on the word "canoe," such as "canoe-bial bliss." Another pun which suggested itself to many was "Way Down Upon the Swanny River." Others thought LIFE's motto, "While There's Life There's Hope," was a good title. "May and December," "Age Before Beauty," "Repenting at Leisure," "Beauty and the Beast," "Birds of a Feather Flock Together," "But what Man can Gather Cherries in December?" all found some justification in the picture. "Puzzle—Find the Goose," "Vox, et Præterea Nihil," and "She Is Saddest When He Sings," fall in the same category.

Others found the picture suggestive of verse, such as

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us.

When all the world was young, my lad,
And every goose a swan.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been.

Youth dreams of love and all that life may give.
Age strives to prove that youth in age may live.

Heard memories are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

If music be the food of love, play on.

Never the hour and the place and the loved one all together.

And this original one:

Old Homer tells how Circe's wine
Turned her admirers into swine.
Gibson and LIFE the proofs increase
And show her turning them to geese.

There are others equally interesting and appropriate, but those that we have quoted will show something of the extent of choice which the contest opened up.



"GRANDMA, DID YOU LIKE THAT GUM DROP?"

"YES, I LIKED IT VERY MUCH."

"WELL, TOWSER DIDN'T. HE SPIT IT OUT TWICE."



THE BRIG

"HAS ANYBODY ELSE GOT A





From Outside the Breastworks.

KING TRUST finds himself in a dangerous position. When he gets out of it, he may be in the same condition as the gentleman who was too officious about the business part of a mule—he wasn't so pretty but he knew a good deal more.

Judging by the beginnings of the criminal investigation into the Trust's way of suppressing unpleasant criticism, New York is likely to witness before long a carnival of perjury. There are all sorts of ways of getting out of a scrape. The Trust not being able to crawl out of its unpleasant fix gracefully, will probably seek the nearest underground route. Money it has in large quantities, owing to the fact that its coffers receive every day five per cent. of the gross receipts from the almost seven hundred theatres it controls. These funds it may be expected to use freely. It also

has considerable political influence, and it remains to be seen to what extent its money and its pull will aid it in the present emergency. But it may find that even these won't help it to let go of the tarred stick it prepared for LIFE.

* * *

PERJURY is a State's Prison offence.

* * *

AMONG recent departures for Europe was that of Mr. Abraham L. Erlanger, of the theatrical firm of Klaw and Erlanger.

* * *

BOSTON'S voice is usually promptly heard when there is any question of limiting free speech or suppressing a free press. The following letter explains itself:

PAPYRUS CLUB.

JAMES S. METCALFE, Esq., New York.

MY DEAR SIR: At a meeting of the Papyrus Club of Boston, held February fourth, it was

Resolved, That the Papyrus Club, which for thirty-three years has stood for the freedom of the art, commends the attitude of any author, critic, or manager in his defence of free speech and free criticism in behalf of the development of the American drama.

The secretary was directed to forward this resolution to your hands. With my personal respect to yourself, I am

Yours very truly,
WINTHROP WETHERBEE, Secretary.

43 BAY STATE ROAD, BOSTON, FEBRUARY 6, 1905.

* * *

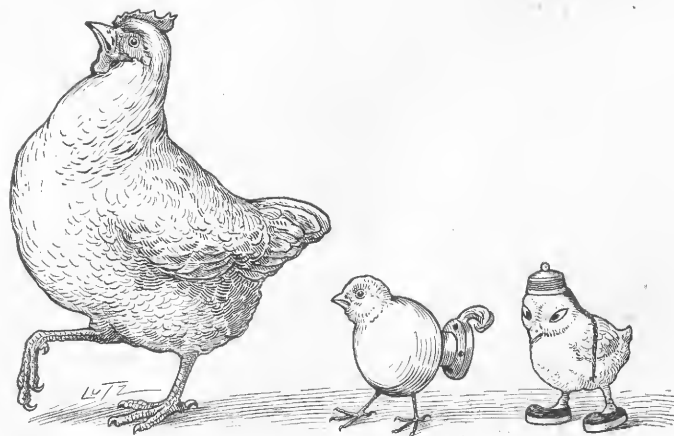
EDITORS outside of New York City—in which town Americanism does not grow as close to the soil and as near the roots as it does in other neighborhoods—are wondering why the New York daily newspapers have taken no editorial interest in the fight which the Theatrical Trust is waging against LIFE. Out-of-town editors see in the action of the theatrical managers' association an attack on the freedom of the press, which they are quick to resent. They cannot understand why their metropolitan brethren of the pen do not express the same feeling. At

the risk of incurring enmity, LIFE will attempt briefly to explain the situation.

The rank and file of newspaperdom in New York City is with LIFE in the fight. This has been shown not only by private expression but by the way the news has been handled. The men who actually make the newspapers know how the Theatrical Trust has secured the discharge of hard-working writers who dared write frankly concerning the Trust and its methods. Unfortunately for absolute frankness of expression, every daily newspaper in this city is face to face with financial conditions which do not confront newspaper publishers in other cities of the United States. The Theatrical Trust has injected into the conflict an appeal to race prejudice. In other words, the Trust has charged LIFE with attacking the Jewish race, and has called upon the Jews in New York to come to their aid. Jewish ownership controls the editorial voice of several daily newspapers in New York City. But more potent than that is the fact that the largest advertisers in the New York dailies are the department stores, whose proprietors are, with one or two exceptions, Jews. This advertising can practically make or break a New York newspaper. With it, and under essentially the same control, goes the advertising placed by Jewish bankers and financiers. Naturally no newspaper in this city cares to imperil a patronage which means its very existence—a patronage which has become so systematized in the method of its bestowal that almost at a word every dollar of it could be taken away by a single command. LIFE does not say that there is any danger of that word being spoken. But the danger hangs over the heads of those who shape the policies of the newspapers in New York City and threatens the very existence of the journals they control. In the circumstances it is entirely human and not to be wondered at that the editorial writers of the New York press consider silence in this case very golden, indeed.

The danger, however, LIFE believes is more imaginary than real. LIFE cannot conceive that such Jews as are the controlling spirits in the Theatrical Trust have linked to their cause and their fortunes such newspaper proprietors as Joseph Pulitzer, Adolph Ochs and David Einstein. Nor can it believe that such merchants as Oscar, Nathan and Isidor Straus, the Stern brothers, the members of the Altman house, nor the other respected and self-respecting Jews who control large quantities of advertising, will permit their influence to be used even tacitly by unworthy men simply because they happen to be members of the same race.

The New York editors would indicate by their silence that they fear this is a racial question and that they run a risk in touching upon it. That risk LIFE believes is an imaginary one, because it cannot believe that



"THAT FARMER THOUGHT HE WOULD FOOL ME WHEN HE PUT A DOOR KNOB AND A CHINA EGG IN MY NEST."



POCAHONTAS EMPLOYS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE EFFECTUALLY IN SAVING CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

the better Jews in New York City justify the bad Jews of the Theatrical Trust and have combined to uphold their cause.

When LIFE becomes convinced that all the Jews in New York are of one kind, and that they have combined to silence editorial opinion in behalf of the members of the Theatrical Trust, then it will be willing to admit that its contest with the Trust has become a racial question, but not before.

* * *

AFTER a mad cycle of concerts, lectures, dime-museums, skating-rinks and church sociables, LIFE's banished critic found himself on the occasion of the opening of the Colonial Music Hall in a real play-house. The entertainment provided is not exactly dramatic, but is quite as much so as that on the boards of a good many of New York's high-class theatres. After a few vaudeville numbers, Messrs. Thompson and Dundy provide "The Duel in the Snow," a ballet from the Empire, London, based on the well-known and much-reproduced French painting of a wounded Pierrot and the other members of a Parisian duelling party. The action of the story is told in pantomime, and is much better done than was to be expected in a time and country where pantomime is practically a lost art. The stage setting of a *bal de l'Opera* was brilliant and attractive. Not the least agreeable feature was the interpolated singing of Italian popular airs by three *bona fide* Italian wandering minstrels. This was followed by a musical skit entitled "The Athletic Girl," with a rather clever book by Mr. George B. Hobart, and a score containing some catchy numbers by Mr. Jean Schwartz.

The pleasure of this part of the entertainment was sadly marred by one of the worst orchestras lately heard in New York. With that feature improved and the action of the piece running more smoothly, "The Athletic Girl" is likely to prove an agreeable music-hall feature.

The Colonial Music Hall is comfortable in its arrangement and seating, and its scheme of decoration is unobtrusively artistic. Its location—Sixty-second Street and Broadway—marks another advance up-town by the constantly moving amusement centre of New York.

* * *

HERR CONRIED, of the Metropolitan Opera House, seems to be afflicted with the same disease as the parrot who got into difficulties.

* * *

THE Casino fire, which, thank fortune, occurred when there was no audience in the house, should have a tendency to make Mayor McClellan, Fire Commissioner Hayes, Police Commissioner McAdoo and the other officials charged with the safety of human life in our theatres, sit up and take notice.

And what an absurdity it is that any legal technicality should make it possible for the managers of theatres built before the enactment of the present law to invite the public into theatres which are known to be fire-traps.

Is there any law that is higher than that of the safety of human life?

* * *

THIS has been a severe winter, and at times theatre-going has been difficult. *Metcalfe.*



Academy of Music.—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Clever comedy, well acted, well produced and showing to particularly good advantage on the large stage of this theatre.

Belasco.—"Adrea." The first tragic drama of native origin which has attained success in New York for many years. Largely due to the artistic manner in which it is presented by Mr. Belasco and Mrs. Carter.

Bijou.—David Warfield in "The Music Master." This is a play of American origin and produced by Mr. Belasco. Mr. Warfield's acting is noteworthy, and the laughter and tears of the play appeal to human beings of every sort.

Lew Fields's Theatre.—"It Happened in Nordland." Not an intellectual triumph but amusing to those who wish only to be amused.

Lyric.—"Fantana." Comic opera of the kind which was popular. Excellent for those who like comic opera of the stereotyped kind. Elaborately staged.

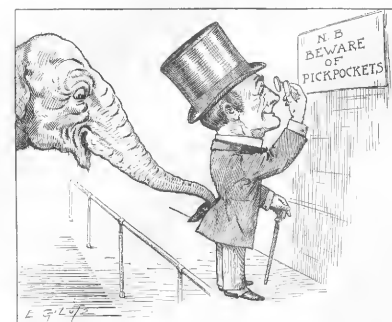
Madison Square.—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Farcical comedy. Well acted and amusing.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske and "Leah Kleschna." An absorbing play, interesting from curtain to curtain and artistically acted by the best company New York has seen for many a day.

Weber Music Hall.—Musical and laughable performance with pretty girls and Monsieur J. Veber and Signora Maria Dressler provoking large quantities of laughter.

OWING TO THE FACT THAT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES ARE UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE THEATRICAL TRUST, WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO SUPPRESS CRITICISM, LIFE IS UNABLE TO DESCRIBE THE PERFORMANCES THEY OFFER:

<i>Liberty.</i>	<i>New York.</i>
<i>New Amsterdam.</i>	<i>Daly's.</i>
<i>Savoy.</i>	<i>Criterion.</i>
<i>Broadway.</i>	<i>Empire.</i>
<i>Hudson.</i>	<i>Majestic.</i>
<i>Herald Square.</i>	<i>Wallack's.</i>
<i>Knickerbocker.</i>	<i>Garden.</i>
<i>Garrick.</i>	<i>Lyceum.</i>



"WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DANGER TO-DAY, SO FEW PEOPLE AROUND."



THE LATEST BOOKS

A NOVEL by Theodore Winthrop is a startling thing to find among the newest books thirty-four years after the skirmish at Big Bethel ended the gallant life of the young author of *Cecil Dreeme*, and one reads *Mr. Waddy's Return* with something of the Pandora-like feeling that used to accompany the opening of old trunks in the twilight garret. At the time of Major Winthrop's death he had only completed the rough draft of this story, and Burton E. Stevenson, to whom has been given the editing of the work, has wisely refrained from greatly altering its condition. It therefore comes to us as the author's explanation to himself of his intended story, and his sketchy and satirical notes of the characters his imagination and his humor offered for his use. It is a literary curio.

To avoid the necessity of repeatedly defining the indefinite, we have invented such characters of modern mythology as *The Average Man* and *The Man in the Street*. How useful would be a similar personification of *The Book on the Table*! Henry H. Bashford's story of the Canadian wheat belt, in spite of its designation as a romance, belongs in the matter-of-fact company of day-to-day fiction. It presents the various types found in a new land, and has the merit of being written in good English, but its action is slow, and while its faults are chiefly negative, its excellences are equally unobtrusive.

Have you ever walked through the

great East Side of New York? Have you ever chanced to reach, say, Hester and Forsyth Streets at three of an afternoon, and seen the myriad children of strange races rush from school? If you have you will want to read Myra Kelly's *Little Citizens*, a volume of delightfully genuine sketches of East Side school types. Conversely, if you read *Little Citizens* and then visit Hester Street of an afternoon, you will see many friends.

Hearts in Exile, by John Oxenham, is a romance of Siberia, wherein two men, a woman and the vagaries of Fate enact a tragedy without a villain. There is no marked originality either in the theme or the treatment, but the story, pleasantly told and easily read, makes a safe selection in a book-stall emergency.

Most recipes in the cook-books contain a clause advising you to "add a pinch of kitchen bouquet," and, on the same principle, it is customary in making fiction, no matter what the dish, to add a pinch of love interest. It is a good rule, but easily overworked. Henry M. Hyde's story of the death-grapple of two trusts, *The Buccaneers*, is a sort of literary pop-over, sensational at first sight, but not much to it, and, alas, overflavored with bouquet.

Mary Austin has followed her delightful appreciation of the California deserts, *The Land of Little Rain*, with a collection of stories largely gathered from Indian folk-lore, and called *The Basket Woman*. The tales are nominally intended for children, but will undoubtedly refuse to stay in the nursery.

The title of Edward Mott Wooley's *Roland of Altenburg* is so nearly self-explanatory that it seems superfluous to specify the twin Teutonic Grand Duchies, the hereditary boundary feud, the feudal castles and the interloping heroine. The story is well told, and we have all loved *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but there comes a time when it is better to have loved and lost. It might be a good plan to inscribe above the portals of romance—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

J. B. Kerfoot.

Mr. Waddy's Return. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited by Burton E. Stevenson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

The Manitoban. By Henry H. Bashford. (John Lane. \$1.50.)

Little Citizens. By Myra Kelly. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Buccaneers. By Henry M. Hyde. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.20.)

The Basket Woman. By Mary Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Roland of Altenburg. By Edward Mott Wooley. (H. S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)



"JEW JITSU."



AT THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS

SAR: DO YOU THINK MY HUSBAND WILL OBJECT TO YOUR MAKING LOVE TO ME?
"OH, NO. HE KNOWS I WOULDN'T IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO."



THE MATHEMATICIAN.

He figured on the distance
Of the stars up in the sky;
He figured on our planet's age,
And when this earth will die;
He figured on the railways
And the trusts with patient skill—
But he never found the errors
In his monthly grocery bill.

—Washington Evening Star.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

The man with no money should wear clump
skates; otherwise people will see that he is strapped.
Don't strike out with both feet at once; it will
cause a rush of ice to the head.
The way to do fancy skating is to trip up the
man that tries it.
If you must fall, fall on your knees; then per-



"FIGHTING?"
"NAW, BITING! MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG."

haps people will think it's your prayers that you are
saying.

Keep away from men who fish through the ice;
then you won't put yourself in a hole.

If people fall in, don't do anything to excite
them; tell them to keep cool.

If the pretty girl scorns you, collide with her on
thin ice; that's the way to get in with her.

Come home early; 1 A. M. is as early as there is.
—Brown Book of Boston.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

A New York lady was visiting friends in Pitts-
burg. One morning after breakfast the father came
into the house and called to his children: "Come,
children, if you want me to drive you to school,
come;—say, Mary, where *are* those children, anyway?"
"They'll be here in a minute," replied his wife.
"Johnny is upstairs brushing his teeth, and Dorothy is
outside, cleaning her gums on the mat."

The visitor suppressed an exclamation of horror,
and slipped away to the library to seek aid from the
dictionary. She learned that "galoshes" in England
and "rubbers" in New York may be "gums" in Pitts-
burg.—Brown Book of Boston.

At one of the recent lectures by Professor George
Kirchwey, dean of Columbia Law College, New York,
the students were uneasy. There was something
wrong in the air. Books were dropped, chairs were
pushed along the floor. There were various interrup-
tions. The nerves of all were on edge. The mem-
bers of the class kept their eyes on the clock and
awaited the conclusion of the hour of the lecture. The
clock beat Professor Kirchwey by perhaps a minute,
but at the expiration of the schedule time the students
started to their feet and prepared to leave. "Wait a
minute," objected Professor Kirchwey; "don't go just
yet. I have a few more pearls to cast."—Argonaut.

SHOPPING TROUBLES.—"To-morrow is my wife's
birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle
her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a
hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking
that."

"Ah, you wish a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"If yoh husban' beats you, mebbe you kin hab
him sent to de whippin'-pos," said Mrs. Potomac Jack-
son.

"If my husban' ever beats me," said Mrs. Tol-
liver-Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin'-pos'
if dey wants to. But dey'll have to wait till he gits
out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News
Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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WHISKEY**
That's All!

**Ale-drinkers
Don't leave**

an inchful of Ale in the
bottom of a bottle of

**Evans'
Ale**



Neither do they have to drink that inchful
of sediment. You can turn the bottle
upside down and drain the last drop—

No Sediment—that's why!

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150 Varieties

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